

kiss with a fist by 221BFakerStreet

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Aftermath of Violence, Anal Sex, Billy Hargrove Is Bad at Feelings, Blow Jobs, Bottom Steve Harrington, Enemies to Lovers, Enthusiastic Consent, Everybody is Bad at Feelings, First Time Blow Jobs, First Time Bottoming, Fucked Up Feelings, Gay Sex, Harringrove, M/M, Mildly Dubious Consent, Oral Sex, Power Dynamics, Steve Harrington is Bad at Feelings, Top Billy Hargrove, emotional fuckery, fucking as fighting, unhealthy relationship dynamics

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-03-10

Updated: 2018-03-10

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:20:55

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 3

Words: 2,847

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

And really Steve should be fucking *terrified* of Billy Hargrove, and he *is*, sure, but there's also some kind of weird sick *thrill* at the thought of Billy touching him again and that's a feeling he just doesn't know what to do with. So what he *does* with it, is he stuffs it way deep down in the Feelings Box™ right next to his chronic loneliness and disappointment in his own lacking intellect, locks it in, and tries to forget about it.

1. “Your stupid fucking face.”

And really Steve should be fucking *terrified* of Billy Hargrove, and he *is*, sure, but there's also some kind of weird sick *thrill* at the thought of Billy touching him again and that's a feeling he just doesn't know what to do with. So what he *does* with it, is he stuffs it way deep down in the Feelings Box™ right next to his chronic loneliness and disappointment in his own lacking intellect, locks it in, and tries to forget about it.

Except that fucker must have a *key* or some shit, because up it bubbles every time he catches a glimpse of golden curls and that stupid denim jacket. His need is an escape artist, a thief, and it steals away his thoughts and his sense of self. If Billy has noticed, he's not letting on, and Steve isn't sure what to do with that, exactly, either. Because, *fuck*, this is not normal, and he knows that much, at least.

He thinks maybe everything that's happened has fucked him up, wonders if Nancy was right when she said he was bullshit. It is all at least a *little* bit bullshit-y, when you really think about it.

Because Billy Hargrove is scary. He can still remember the numb chill and the cold sweat, and the ache in his face afterward. How he thought he might die that night and it was all just kind of *okay*, in a cosmic sense. In the way that everything else *wasn't* okay.

And he has dreams- he doesn't sleep well these days- has dreams where Billy looms over him, shirt half unbuttoned, stalking like he's *prey* and he wakes up hard and panting, sweat pouring down his temples. And he rarely if ever lets himself get off to it, because it feels *wrong*. Every time he's brought himself off that way, it only gets him more keyed up, more twitchy. He feels like a junkie who just can't get a fucking hit.

Meanwhile, Billy Hargrove is *everywhere*. He sees him in the halls at school, with his wolfish grin; sees him standing around his car in the arcade parking lot, flicking cigarettes to the ground and crushing the butts beneath his boot. And he doesn't think Billy even *notices* him anymore until one day in the parking lot of the diner he asks him what the fuck he's looking at, and Steve must *really actually* want to

die, because he answers clear as day: “Your stupid fucking face.”

Billy looks for a moment like he's been gut punched, and Steve revels in it for all of two seconds before he realizes what he's done. And then Billy *laughs*.

The animal *thing* inside of Steve fucking *preens*.

Billy loops his arm around Steve's shoulders, around his neck, squeezing just enough to let him know where they both stand. Steve wants to fall into the Earth, wants to crawl, wants things he *shouldn't*.

“Not bad, Harrington,” Billy says, like a gift. “Not bad at all.”

2. "Hey there, Princess."

Billy gets in Steve's personal space a lot, which is, ok, *weird* but only because he had stopped for a while. He had stopped looking, stopped leering, stopped *posturing* like he was readying for battle. But *now* all bets are off. *Now* it's like Billy is a magnet and Steve is true north; everywhere he goes, Billy swings into his orbit. He can't shake him, isn't sure if he *wants* to.

Ever since their little tête-à-tête in the parking lot, Billy has spent his time not *quite* touching Steve. Circling. He's circling like a fucking *vulture*, and it's driving Steve a little bit mental. More than a little, he thinks, running his hand through his hair for the third time in as many minutes.

He is standing outside the gym after basketball practice because what the fuck *else* is he gonna do, right? He's standing, sweat cooling on his skin because he's fucking afraid to use the showers with Billy standing around, shooting the shit with dickface Tommy like nothing is *wrong*, and Billy fucking bangs his way out of the door because of *course* he does.

Steve doesn't have time to really think before Billy is up in his face, shorter than him by an inch or two but somehow always *looming*. And he leans in, rests his right forearm on the brick wall next to Steve's head, and all Steve can think of is that *stupid* fucking soap commercial. *Calgon, take me away*. He is a cornered rat, a wounded animal. Coyotes gnaw off their own legs sometimes, he's heard, to get out of traps.

"Hey there, Princess." Billy's hot breath ghosts across his face and he flinches, and Billy *grins*. "Didn't see you in the showers. Feelin' shy, cupcake?"

He does that fucking *thing* that he does with his tongue, and Steve feels his knees go weak. Because something is wrong with him, right? Something crawled inside of him and made a home, and it won't fucking *leave* and it makes his gut clench and his dick twitch, makes his mouth move of it's own accord: "Fuck you, Billy."

And then he is being *pressed* into the wall, and his skin is *singing* with the contact even through flimsy layers of worn out gym clothes. Those electric blue eyes skewer him there, raw and open. Billy's fingers grip his hair roughly, pull his head to the left in a strangely gentle manner. Steve *knows* what those fingers can do, still feels the imprints like burn marks on his skin, thinks they might as well be tattooed on his body. *Property of Billy Hargrove*. Of all the thoughts he keeps inside, he keeps *that* one the closest, behind the cage of his ribs with the stuttering shock of beating wings.

"You've got a very *fuckable* mouth, Stevie," Billy says into his jawline, lips dragging up toward his ear. "I'd watch what comes out of it." His tongue peeks out, catches Steve by surprise, and he can't help the soft moan that slips out.

"Oh, now, *Princess*," he chides, moving back to look Steve in the eye, "that sounds like an *invitation*."

And Steve doesn't deny it. He is locked up, disjointed. He is a fucking *train wreck* happening in slow motion. Billy pushes him down to his knees, and the thing inside pulls him so far down he's certain he'll *never* get back up.

The zip of Billy's fly coming down is like a death knell, and Steve leans in. He wonders a lot these days, about what death really *means*, if it means anything at all. If everything just *happens*, then it's *fine*, and he's *fine*. And it's *happening*, right now.

Billy's hard cock nudges at his chapped lips, thick and red and *menacing*. And Steve opens his mouth, without even thinking about it.

"*That's* it, sweetheart. *Get* that dick." Billy croons and coos filthy words at him, calling him by names that send jolts of panicked pleasure to his own cock, trapped in his shorts, untouchable because *Billy hasn't said-*

He's never done this before, but he learns real quick. He panics again when Billy thrusts a little too deep, but a tug on his hair sets things right and he tries again. His world narrows down to this one point in time, to the slick wet noises and the ache in his knees, the way Billy pets his hair and calls him *pretty*.

When Billy comes, he doesn't give a warning, but Steve takes it in his stride. He gulps the warm wet mess down as much as he can until Billy pulls out, replaces his dick with his thumb. Presses down and looks at his own spend cooling on Steve's tongue. Billy *moans* then, and he feels something click into place inside, something that makes it okay to *breathe* when he's been drowning for fucking *weeks*.

"Get up," Billy says, and Steve nods, head full of clouds. Billy mostly drags him up, but it's *fine* because he can take it- he can take a *lot*, he's learned.

He starts to reach into Steve's shorts only to be met with the sticky evidence of his shame. There are *tears* in his eyes, for fucks sake, and he can't even *look* at Billy now, maybe never *again* after all is said and done.

Billy grabs his chin and *forces* his head up.

"Look at me, pretty boy." Billy's sticky fingers swipe across his own lips and Steve *knows* and his skin is on fire all over again.

There is belonging, and then there is *belonging*. Billy tucks his now soft dick away, and Steve leans back heavy against the rough brick wall. He's cold again, and his hair is probably *fucked*, and he can *taste* Billy every time he swallows.

The promise of 'next time' lingers in the possessive squeeze of Billy's hand at the nape of his neck, in the way Billy saunters off as if he owns every-*fucking*-thing.

And Steve? Steve is *fucked*. He is *wrong*; fundamentally broken. He is too much of nothing, a wild, empty space that needs filling.

He can see Billy rounding the corner of the building, sliding a cigarette from his pack as he goes. And he wonders, maybe for the first time, who's really following who.

3. "You ready for more, pretty boy?"

Steve is afraid of a lot of things.

He's afraid of the dark, though he never used to be; what's *in* the dark, really. He's afraid of not being good enough, but he's *always* been afraid of that. He's afraid of *Billy*, of that gut clenching feeling that isn't quite terror but isn't quite lust; it's a third thing, something primal. *Animal*.

But mostly, right now, Steve is *tired*. He's tired of sleepless nights and wearing his own skin like an ill-fitting suit, and he's tired of being so fucking *scared* all the damn time. So he *decides*, because he's never been one to shy away from a fight, especially one he knows he might *lose*.

Billy doesn't just *walk*, he *stalks*. Like a tiger, easy as you please, muscles moving under skin. Showing off just by *moving*. Steve used to have something like that- not really *that*, obviously, because Billy Hargrove is built like a fucking *tank*, but- well, he used to have *something*. Likes to think he still *does*. And it's something different, he knows, but not useless. He still has his baseball bat, the one with the nails in it. Keeps it next to his bed at night when he sleeps, *just in case*.

He's tired of being scared of fucking *everything*, so he thinks about the bat when he slips the note into Billy's back pocket and speeds down the hall after like the devil's on his heels- cause, fuck, he *might* be. Thinks about the blood and bone and the strange fluidity of movement that had bloomed inside the terror. He counts it as a win that he doesn't look behind him as he walks through the door of his biology classroom.

Billy's Camaro is sitting in his driveway when he gets home, and he knows the fucker *had* to have skipped last period to get here before him. Tries not to let it rattle him, but if he's being honest he's been rattled since day *one*.

And he'd asked the woman at the register, at the store in Indianapolis, and she'd been so fucking *nice* he was almost *mad* about it but, fuck, he's not *Billy*, right? So she was nice, and she explained what to do and even helped him pick out the right kind of *lube* for fucks sake. So if he shifts uncomfortably as he's unlocking the front door he tries not to show it- predators can *smell* weakness. He shouldn't be nervous. He's on his home turf, after all. Billy's voice taunts him even in his own head: *No turning back now, Harrington*. And that shit-eating grin.

No more *bullshit*.

"You ready for more, pretty boy?" Billy's hands grip his hips, and Steve springs like a bear trap. Shoves Billy against the closed front door and attacks his mouth in a searing kiss. *Gnaw your own leg off, you sonuvabitch*.

Billy *moans*, open mouthed and panting against lips. Steve reaches down, fumbles with the button on his blue-eyed beau's jeans until it *finally* gives under his trembling fingers. He backs away only to pull gently at the waistband of Billy's underwear, leading him past the foyer and into the spacious living room. Billy stalks after him, as though he's *allowing* Steve to do it. And Steve, half hard in his pants, thinks about all the times people have *allowed* him things and he wants to *scream*. It must show on his face- which he could *feel*, maybe, if it wasn't fucking *numb*- because Billy raises an eyebrow, considering, calculating.

Without a word, Steve stops and pushes Billy's jacket off his shoulders, standing *so close* but refusing to *touch*. And Billy-fucking-Hargrove *tenses* and he can see how he's clenching his fists, white-knuckled and that thing inside him is throwing a goddamn *party* right now. Jumbling up his insides till his heart's in his throat and his ribs are *aching* with want.

He strips Billy of his shirt next, and then slowly pulls down his pants and underwear, smiling to himself as that angry cock springs free, already hard and leaking. He breathes against it, tastes the scent of salt and sweat on his tongue, and then leans *away* and he can hear Billy *groan*. He stands up to take off his own clothes, leaving Billy to stand strangely still, naked in the middle of his living room.

"Lay down," he says, and he doesn't care *where* really, but Billy is suddenly at his back, crowding him, *overwhelming* him.

"I'm not the *bitch* here, Stevie." His voice is a low, angry hum in his ear, seething with unspoken truths.

And Steve *remembers*. The crazed look in his eyes, that fevered gleam of pain and rage like smoldering coals in the dark. He wants to fall to his knees, to *submit*. Wants to punch the air out of Billy's lungs until neither one of them can breathe. He turns slowly, presses himself against Billy, skin to skin, and nearly *dies*. Billy is a furnace, an *inferno*, and Steve feels like *fuel*.

Gently, hands on Billy's shoulders, he guides them both down to the floor.

"What are you *doi-* oh." Billy's anger seems to *deflate* when Steve straddles his hips, and their cocks slip together, a blissful accident. Steve moves higher, reaches below him to take Billy's dick in his hand, strokes once, twice.

Steve isn't the smartest student, *sure*, but he always comes *prepared*.

"Jesus *Christ*, Princess," Billy grunts as he slides down inch by agonizing inch until he's *enthroned* on Billy's thick cock. They sit there, sweat glistening on skin, catching their breath, and it's better than any punch Steve could *ever* throw.

"*Please*," Billy *whimpers* and he has to bite his lip until he's sure it's *bleeding*. Another moment, and then he *moves*, rolling his hips, hands planted on Billy's chest.

"Fuck!" The slick drag and squelch of their bodies pushing and pulling fills the room, tearing moans and curses from Steve's mouth like a broken cassette tape and he just can't fucking *stop*. It's *in* him now; Billy's *in* him- not just *fucking* him, but *under his skin*. And Billy knows- oh God, he *knows*!- he *must* because he sits up, fingers bruising Steve's hips as he thrusts up inside. One hand slides up the sweat-slick skin of his back, fists his hair and *yanks* his head back exposing his throat. Billy goes in for the kill, and Steve didn't *realize*, but he *should've*.

“Look at *my Princess*, riding that dick.” Billy bites at his neck, sucks bruises and *brands* him, and Steve is so *full* and yet so *bereft*. “C’mon, sweetheart. *Fuck* me.”

Steve *swears* he feels his soul leave his body when he comes, stomach muscles *spasming* and thighs *burning* and everything about it feels so terribly *good*. And Billy- well, Billy keeps going, grinding up so deep inside him until Steve feels tears pricking at the corners of his eyes, heaving dry sobs into the crook of his lover’s neck.

“Please,” he breathes, and Billy comes with shocked, stuttering gasp. He can *feel* it, warm and wet, and it oozes from his hole around the obstruction of Billy’s softening cock. The strange creature he is now wants to keep it *in*, but instead he grips hard at Billy’s shoulders, nails biting into skin.

“You did so *good*, sweetheart,” Billy says, and Steve *shivers* and wants to tell him to go *fuck* himself, or maybe *thank you*, but he’s never once known who he *is*, so what the fuck should he even *say* to that?

“I did?” He asks, a little wild-eyed, and Billy looks *scared* when he nods back at him.

“Yeah, Steve.” He wipes the sweaty bangs from Steve’s forehead.

And *he* knows. And now *Billy* knows, too.

No turning back.

No more *bullshit*.